

THE CORN CORNER COLLAPSE.

The Chicago corn speculators' house of cards has collapsed, as such fabrics do, and rather sooner than usual. The difference in this case is that the occupants got away with a certain amount of profits, otherwise plunder, before the crash came. In previous corners some of the operators have been caught in the ruins.

The shrewdness of the Gates clique was shown in its knowledge of when to quit the game. Other corn kings and wheat manipulators have held out to the end and gone down, engulfed in the rush to market of the millions of bushels of the cereal which cannot be reckoned with in estimates of the visible supply. The Gates crowd when the rush began forsook the inevitable collapse and got out with what proceeds they could, leaving those to mourn who had acted in good faith on their prediction that corn would pass \$1.

Except for these squeezed shorts and the long train of smaller speculators following in the wake of the big men there will be few to regret the collapse of the corner. The farmer, who got none of the profits, will have a momentary feeling of gladness before the sobering realization comes to him that the unsettled conditions following the crash will make the outlook for corn next year rather worse than it was this.

Preserving His Honor.—A Philadelphia wall paper manufacturer has shot himself so that his \$100,000 of life insurance may go to his creditors. From their point of view he was an honorable man, but the insurance companies which lose the premiums due them during his natural life may have another opinion.

LINDENTHAL'S LATEST.

Bridge Commissioner Lindenthal's latest suggestion for relieving the Brooklyn Bridge crush by a system of moving platforms has the indorsement of practical men who are ready to furnish the money for its construction.

But the first objection to this proposition is that New York does not want to hand over the contract of moving passengers over the bridge to a private corporation. If the platform plan is a good one the city and not the contractors ought to get the benefit of it. New York does not need to depend on private capital for any public improvement.

But is the plan a good one? There are a great many questions to be answered. How are the travellers to be protected from winter's snow and summer's rain? If they are to be covered and housed, how are they to get from one platform to another unless the roadway is transformed to a tunnel?

Above all, is not the platform plan too much of an experiment to be tried on such a scale? Is not the passenger traffic of the bridge too important to be exposed to the risks of any untried experiment, no matter how well it may be indorsed?

A Brooklyn Cinderella.—The pretty Brooklyn girl who is fighting a shoe firm in court because of a pair of slippers that did not fit has given Justice Walsh a puzzling problem to solve. To alter an even course between the consideration of gallantry and the stern exactness of the law is in this case a peculiarly difficult feat.

DR. WILEY'S FOOD TESTS.

Dr. Wiley, the chief chemist of the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington, presumably has a great deal of leisure time at his disposal. At least it is announced that he is going to conduct a series of experiments on the effect of food on the human body. For this purpose he wishes to secure fifteen persons of good health and habits whom he will feed on various kinds of food, with special reference to the effects of using adulterated, "doctored" and even poisonous foods.

One would think that the chief difficulty would be in finding people of good health and habits who would consent to being made the subject of such interesting experiments. Dr. Wiley is a little bit late. Four years ago the War Department conducted a series of experiments on a large scale on the effects of embalmed beef as an army ration, but the results have never been scientifically tabulated.

Whether Dr. Wiley succeeds or not, it is interesting to know that it is one of the functions of government in this country to find out through the Department of Agriculture just what are the physiological effects of food on the human system.

SPELLING PROSPERITY.

The latest news from the country's corn belt is that the hot weather of the past week has come at just the right time to help the corn, and the outlook is that the crop will be a record breaker. Wheat is also looking well, and a large crop of oats is reasonably secure. Other farm products are equally promising.

This spells prosperity, and spells it in capital letters. The combination of big crops and good prices, which has been the marvel of the past six years, is likely to be repeated. Chicago's "Corn King," Phillips, who ought to know, says that even with a 2,000,000,000 bushel corn crop the increase in our cereal supply does not keep up with the growth of the demand.

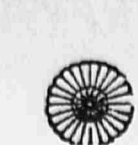
There are some drawbacks on our prosperity. The strikes are costing money, Congress has been wasteful and the trusts are getting more than their share of the product, but, on the whole, the prosperity of the country is unabated.

This is good news for everybody, for the farmer, for the capitalist, for the wage worker, for the speculator, even for the politician who had nothing to do with bringing it about.

MARY CHANGES HER MIND.

Perhaps by the influence of telepathy, at any rate by a coincidence that must be regarded as remarkable, just as the Aldermen were about to take up Alderman "Tim" Sullivan's resolution formally inviting Miss Mary MacLane to visit New York—just at this psychological moment the spoiled child of genius changed her mind, threw her prejudice against the metropolis to the winds and decided to give us a glimpse of her. She who had whispered she would never consent has consented. And we should like to attribute her change of mind to the telepathic persuasion of "Tim."

But whatever the cause, we are glad to see that she will come. Life will now take on a fuller crimson for us and the iris of existence be livelier of hue for her presence. "Tammany will give her a big send off," says Alderman "Tim." But why should the Wigwam have a monopoly of her society? Mary will come as the city's guest, with distinction and eclat. We all want to see her and become better acquainted with her and her toothbrushes. Any attempt to monopolize her charms will be resented. Let all be permitted to turn our "fishy eyes of desire" upon her, and may her dear devil not forbid.



JOKES OF OUR OWN.

HIS RELATIONS.
The child is father to the man.
The girl is sister to him.
And many a whiskered gentleman
As "uncle" will undo him.

QUITE SO.
"Senator Platt advises young men to keep their word."
"Yes, that's just a Plattitude."

THE RACE.
"Are you much interested in the race?"
"What race? The human?"
"No; the race between corn and the thermometer for the 100 mark."

BEYOND HOPE.
"A stitch in time saves nine."
"If the nine is as rotten as the Giants all the stitches in the county can't save them."

THE FAMOUS INTERVIEW.
"Do you suppose Devery went to Rock away for the view?"
"No, for the inter-view."

BORROWED JOKES.

INSULT TO INJURY.
He (reproachfully)—Perhaps you forget what happened yesterday. I was cut by my dearest acquaintance, the one I love best in all the world; in fact—She (coolly)—The idea! Do you really shave yourself?—Philadelphia Press.

IT WOULDN'T OUT.
"Here, here," exclaimed the hotel porter to Uncle Reuben, who was pouring water on the electric light, "what are you doing?"
"Well, I tried to blow the thing out," replied Uncle Reuben, abashed, "an' it wouldn't blow, so I let 'em throw it out, b'gosh!"—Columbus State Journal.

PERFECTION.
"Do you think perfection is ever actually attained in this life?" asked the serious youth.
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "some people become perfect bores."—Washington Star.

FROM HER DEAREST FRIEND.
"I think," she said, "I should like to marry an imaginative man."
"Well, what other kind of a man can you expect to marry if he has a chance to see you in daylight?"—Stray Stories.

SOMEBODIES.

ACTON, LORD—who has just died, had the largest private library in England, numbering more than 60,000 volumes. It was not donated to him by Mr. Carnegie.

CUYLER, REV. DR.—of Brooklyn, has just completed his book, "Recollections of a Long Life."

DISNER, REV. JOSEPH—of Baltimore, is going with his wife to Jerusalem, where the couple intend to pass the remainder of their lives.

GARLAND, HAMLIN—the author, owns an Indian tepee eighteen feet in diameter, made for him by Cheyenne women. Tepee-making seems to take the place with Indians that the embroidering of slippers for the pastor does among their white sisters.

HOAR, SENATOR—has just bought a house at Washington. Heretofore he has lived at hotels and boarding houses there. Henceforth the hall bedroom and the parlor will hold no terrors for him.

SANTOS-DUMONT, ALBERT—wants \$1,000,000 with which to continue flying-machine experiments. Peril comes high in more senses than one with such inventors.

HEAT IN THE CITY.

Over the scorching roofs of iron
The red sun melts slowly,
Uncomforted beneath its light
The pale crowds gasping go.

The heart-sick city, spent with
day,
Cries out in vain for sleep.
The childless wife beside her dead
Is too outworn to weep.

The children in the upper rooms
Lie faint, with half-shut eyes,
In the thick-breathing, lighted
ward.

The stricken workman dies.
From breathless pit and sweating
loft
Dim shapes creep one by one,
To throng the curb and crowd the
stoops
And dread to-morrow's sun
—The Outlook.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Her Aversions.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish to mention a few things that give me a pain in the neck: The fellow that puts his arm around his girl on the car coming from Coney Island; the corner loafer with his Panama hat; the girl who rolls up her sleeves to show her lobster-colored arms and the dude who is so stuck on his fancy socks that he lays his feet across his knees to show them. A LADY.

As to Fish Peddlers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I respectfully call your attention to an injustice to the retail fish storekeeper by the fish peddlers (Greeks) with baskets, going from house to house disposing of fish, which is clearly a violation of

health laws. It ought to be prohibited, as it is exposing food for sale which is horded by any and every body. I think this is instrumental in spreading infectious diseases. The Board of Health should inquire into it.

H. DIFFENBACH,
No. 2365 First avenue.
An Admirer of Mary MacLane.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I think Mrs. Lease's analysis of Mary MacLane in The Evening World is perfect. It is the easiest thing in the world to pronounce that which we don't understand as crazy. Mary MacLane is mistaken, may be. So was Columbus before he discovered America. History proves that hundreds of unfortunate suffered the same fate, and it's quite

natural what the mind cannot grasp seems absurd. Would it not be advisable for us to study her before passing sentence?

JEANNETTE D. PEARL.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to express myself concerning the opinion existing between the people of Manhattan and Richmond boroughs. Many Staten Island people are employed in New York, and thousands make the trip daily. The idea of the average New Yorker is that Staten Island is a distant province, reached by a voyage of a week or more, while there are hundreds of people right in the heart of Manhattan that never heard of it. Now, I would like some

one to tell me why Staten Islanders are called "farmers." Few of these Staten Island thousands doing business in New York have escaped the "kidding" of their New York business associates.

"How are things down on the farm?" "Do you keep cows?" &c., are a few of the prevalent remarks. If some New Yorkers could see themselves as others see them when they come to the island their opinion would change.

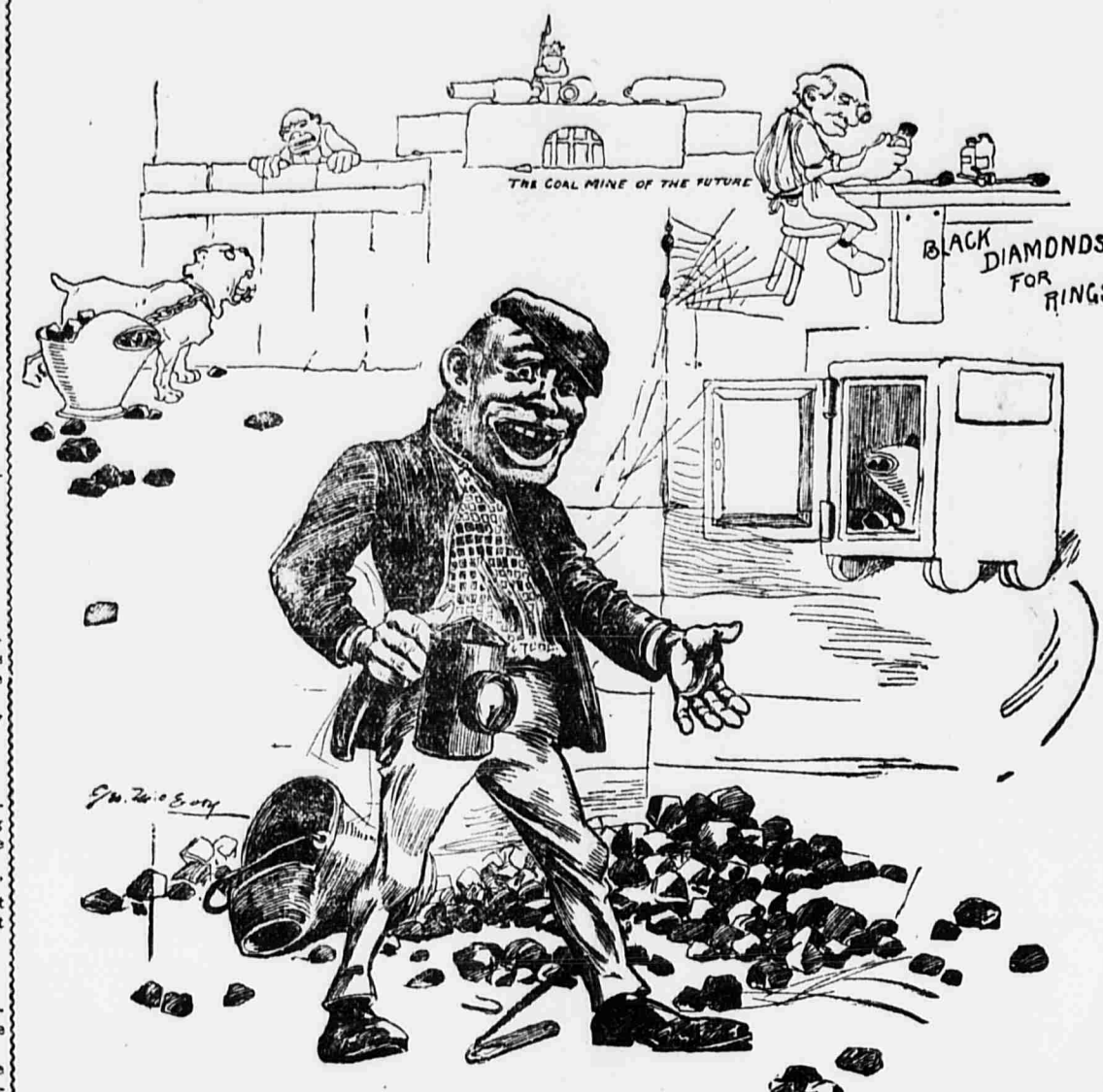
THEOS. ALWYN,
Tompkinsville, S. I.

Odd Name Wanted.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Would readers kindly suggest pretty and odd first names for a girl, beginning with "I," and for a boy, beginning with "J?"
—Mrs. ROBERT F.

The Funny Side of Life.

THE BURGLAR'S NEW SWAG.



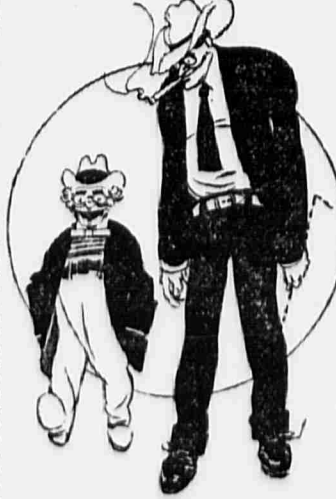
Bold Burglar Bill has turned him from the plate and gems so rare, And swift his "sneaks" are sneaking down the winding cellar stair. He's blown the sturdy cellar locks and won ambition's goal. He's rich for life upon his precious half-plint hoard of coal.

DESPERATE CASE.



Mother—Gladys, you said that young man was gone.
Gladys—That's all right; he's been most awfully gone on me for six months.

JUST AS GOOD.



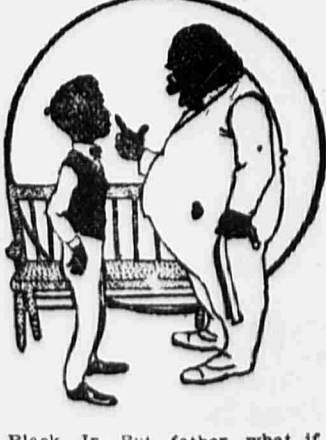
"I hear there's a desert scene in your new play. Any camels in it?"
"No, but the orchestra plays 'The Camels Are Coming.'"

HAUNTED.



Miss Art—Why does Daubs draw such horrible old woman faces nowadays?
Mr. Cartoon—Don't you know his mother-in-law has been living with him for some moons?

HIS GRIEVOUS FAULT.



Black, Jr.—But, father, what if I was at the Flip Flop vaudeville show? I saw you there, too.
Black, Sr.—That's just what I'm going to when you for.

EDUCATION.



The Gent—If you are a college graduate, as you say you are, I should think you could easily have made a living.
The Tramp—No, I couldn't get a job, boss; all the baseball nines were over supplied.

WOULD RUN NO RISK.



Mr. Goodies E. Canby—Can you not aid the new small-pox hospital for the poor?
Mrs. Noorich—No, I don't believe in encouraging the poor to ketch such things, don't you know?

ODDITY CORNER.

BOMBAST.

Bombast once signified the cotton that was employed to stuff garments. Particularly the enormous trunk hose worn in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

AN OLD BOWL.

A Roman bowl of Samian make, said to be 2,000 years old, has been brought up from the sea bottom off Eborac, by a Brightlingsea oyster dredger.

PENNY X-RAYS.

Penny X-ray instruments, by the aid of which the curious may see their own finger bones, are being sold in the streets of London.

KIPLING'S COURTESY.

When Rudyard Kipling was last in the United States he dined with a party that included several other well-known writers, a fair proportion of men and women who knew something about literature and a larger number who knew very little and made up for the lack of knowledge with pretense, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Several of the last-described kind started a useless discussion concerning spellings, pronunciations, synonyms, anonyms, &c., and, apropos of nothing at all that had been said, one, firing his remark straight at Kipling, as the lion of the occasion, declared: "I find that 'buger' and 'sumac' are the only words beginning with 'au' that are pronounced as though beginning with 'sh.'"

Bored though he was, Kipling's politeness did not desert him, and, assuming an expression of interest, although his eyes twinkled behind his glasses, he asked: "Are you sure?"

NOVEL ROBBERY.

The London Express reports a most ingenious theft on one of the railways in Burmah. The Burmese head-covering, it must be understood, is a silk kerchief, often of considerable value and called "gaungbaung." Some young dare-devils attach privacy bushes to long passes they yell out, which causes the native passengers to stick their heads out of the carriage windows. The train is then raked from end to end by means of the scrubby poles, with the result that the Burman male passengers are deprived of their gaungbaungs. Some twenty-seven silk head-dresses were thus acquired by the young scamps in the one night.

THE BOWERY GIRL SHOPS.

Owen Kildare Describes a Visit with "The Party" to the Shopping District.

Listen.
It is only my good nature to tell you that a certain event will soon take place in our social set. Ahem!
The nearer the day approaches the more The Party worries about her trousseau.
There, now, I told you!
Consequence: She took a day off and I was ordered to report as escort.

Now I know more about chemisettes and straight-front corsets than I ever did before in my life.

And, the best of it is, she always quite seriously asked my opinions.

Ah, but it's a great thing to have an angelic disposition. When we do things we do them in style and Fourteenth street—nothing less—was our field of operation.

From store to store she tripped and I stumbled, being kept in the rear by the confounded, slippery bundles.

All you could see of me was my nose and mild blue eyes. "They ain't too heavy?" fluted The Party.

"Oh, no, not at all," and a few more were piled on top. (I wonder what makes a truthful man the twin-brother of Satan for lying when he's in love?)

I suggested an express wagon, but, no. "They amash and mix them so."

Do not ask how we got back to the Bowery. It was weird, uncanny, interspersed by tears from The Party and forceful language from the conductor when I dropped half of my load in getting on the car.

(Thank heaven, I'm not given to profanity.) At mother's house, just a mouthful, and I was snared away to Division street to "help" The Party buy a hat.

Ever been in Division street? From Chatham Square to the horizon nothing but millinery stores, and a female "capper" in front of every one of them. A male "puller-in" is bad enough, but a female—heaven protect us.

We were defeated at the first assault and found ourselves in a store.

Do you know why The Party had insisted on my escort? She thought an efficient critic, and I liked the job.

I have seen some magnificent pictures, but no prettier sight has ever been beheld by me than The Party trying on a bonnet in front of the mirror.

That little stubby nose almost became purple with straining, the forehead was crossed by tiny wrinkles, and the head swaying from side to side, nearly revolving entirely, the bright eyes kept jumping with animation.

Consequence: I kept finding fault just to have the vision over and over again.

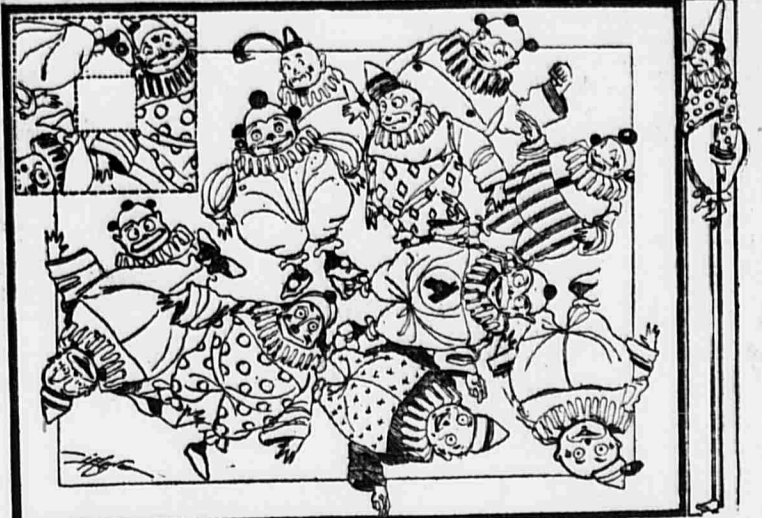
But I got my reward for my wickedness. We were in the fifth store, and The Party was nettled by my unsatisfactory criticism. I bethought myself of my duty, and, having lied in the morning, resolved to be absolutely truthful.

The very first hat tried on was a terrible thing, not fit for a queen like my Party.

"How does it look?" She turned to me. "Fierces!" I answered with conviction. "Oh, does it?" And now the date is postponed indefinitely.

L'ENVOI.
When criticizing a Party's bonnet tell the truth, but hide it under several layers of sugar. —OWEN KILDARE.

FUNNY CHOW-CHOW CLOWNS.



Dozens of funny clowns and in every possible position. This puzzle is meant as a test for your alertness in ocular observation. The disk printed at the corner of the picture will fit in every detail some portion of the larger drawing. Cut out the square and the smaller one within, and slide it over the clowns until your eye catches a spot where every line will match.

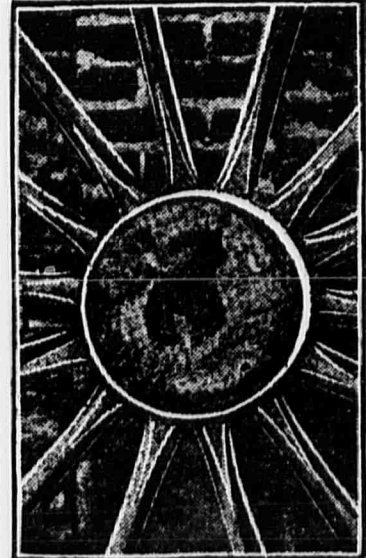
KING EDWARD'S NEW ORDER.



Obverse. Reverse. THE ORDER OF MERIT.

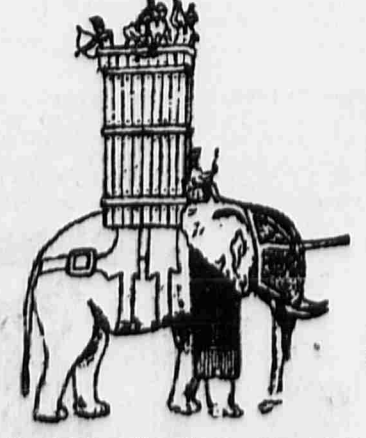
On all sides satisfaction has been expressed at the institution of the new "Order of Merit," to which the first appointments were made in the Coronation Honors List. The King himself is Sovereign of the new Order of Merit, instituted in honor of the coronation, and the twelve men who have been signalled out for the honor of being made the first ordinary members are those who have gained the highest distinction in war, science, letters and art. The accompanying illustration shows the badge which is worn by military and naval members of the Order. It consists of a cross of red enamel, with two silver swords with gold hilts between the angles of the cross. The centre of the badge is of blue enamel surrounded by a laurel wreath, and bearing on the obverse the words "FOR MERIT," and on the reverse the King's royal cipher. The cross is surmounted by the imperial crown enameled in color, and the badge will be worn on a two-inch ribbon of Garter blue and crimson.

QUEER PLACE FOR NEST.



The nest of a robin redbreast built in the hub of an old wheel is shown in the above picture.

ELEPHANTS IN WAR.



In fighting the Greeks the Asiatics used elephants, whose howdahs were filled with armed men.

MAKING A PIECE OF NEWS.

A good live piece of news may often be made by accident. Readers of Barrie's novel, "When a Man's Single," will recall the telegraph editor who thought a despatch beginning "The Zulus have taken umbrage" referred to the capture of a post, and gave Umbrage the benefit of a capital.